

Mrs. Patrick Campbell Interviews an Interviewer.

Mrs. Campbell was out, said the English maid with apologies. There was the usual crude coloring of the apartment suite where an instantaneous impression of warmth and cheer is sought at the expense of artistic worth. There were many primary colors swarming about at each other and not a single personal touch except some few theatrical photographs, among them one of Mrs. Campbell and Miss Bernhardt as *Pelleas* and *Melisande*, which held the attention long enough to make one forget everything else in the place. There were two maiden-hair ferns and plenty of sunshine. That was all.

The place left the impression that Mrs. Campbell is by no means the hysterical, overstrung individual so often portrayed.

any apparent surprise; one might say that Mrs. Campbell is quite used to them.

On the way there was a hurried call at her daughter's room and Miss Campbell joined the party. Miss Campbell is gracious and unspoiled. She, too, looks the artist, but it is the artist of the quiet studio, with delicately toned draperies and a barred door against intrusion.

Naturally, the feminine glance takes in first the details of Mrs. Campbell's costume. She wears a big picture hat of black with down dropping plumes held at their base by a button of brilliants. The tendrils fall over her black hair, which, in turn, is parted and waves on her low brow.

Her features are not classically regular. They escape it so narrowly that the casual observer would never be convinced that



"PINKY" REFUSES ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.

Nerves could never have lived with those colors so long. They would have been hidden away under various feminine devices by which a woman manages to conceal the fact that her habitation is a temporary affair.

Later Mrs. Campbell asserted it. "I am not the least bit nervous; quite the contrary," she said. "I don't know what it means. I never have stage fright. The nervous temperament and nerves are entirely distinct."

It was a long wait. It did seem, by and by, a great pity that the present tariff placed the artistic temperament on the free list. If it were remedied many unpleasant experiences would be avoided.

Then the expected happened. There was not the slightest sound outside, but suddenly the door was flung back with a graceful gesture, the sunlight seemed to become brighter and to concentrate itself on the figure in the frame of the open entrance, laughing as if nothing really mattered—broken engagements, long waits between scenes, anything, everything.

"Come with me," Mrs. Campbell said, taking a hand of each visitor and looking into the puzzled faces with a laugh in her eyes and on her lips. "We must have tea. Don't you like tea at this time of day? I simply must have it. We'll get a nice little table downstairs and chat, and, if I must, I'll interview" [the must was doubly emphasized, once with the lips and once with the eyes] "it will be less horrid there."

She is so swift, so compelling and so magnetic that the breath rested as it is, taken away again. It is not until the elevator door closes that you wonder why you obeyed and followed so immediately. None of these negative actions occasion

they were not so, and taking her photographs as evidence or gazing at her from the front of the footlights you would be inclined to assert that they were beyond dispute. Just why and how they are not is difficult to define. All that can be said is that there is a certain piquancy about the lower face that prevents.

Her white gown with big bunches of grapes embroidered in bas relief, is cut away at the throat in the fashion that a woman with a beautiful throat who did not wish to spoil its contours would be sure to adopt. There are Oriental chains and a pendant about it. Over the Princess gown is a long loose coat of black silk which accentuates the height of the wearer.

It may be said here that Mrs. Campbell has neither age nor height, which are both, after all, relative terms. On the stage she seems to have a supreme disdain for conventional limitations—she simply towers. Off the stage there are moments when one breathes the same strata of air. By actual measurement she touches the line at five feet 6.

As to her age, the serpentine lines of her beautiful figure, the fount of irrepressible vitality, the X-ray complexion, reminding a little of Hewlett's description of Mary Queen of Scots, hypnotizes one into forgetfulness that with a grown up daughter at her elbow she must at least have passed the first milestone.

There was one other passenger who must not be overlooked in the elevator which takes the party to the tea room, notwithstanding that the manager in touching accents had begged that nothing be said about the famous Pinky-Pinky-Poo. There are some requests that no one has a right to make.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN CHARACTER.



ENTER MRS. CAMPBELL.

The gargoyles that look due east on Notre Dame Cathedral comes as near a description of this animal as it is possible to give. Pinky certainly never won her present place of autocratic dominion by any beauty of person or disposition. The secret of her power may lie with her, although Mrs. Campbell told, as a great secret which was on no account to be disclosed, that the life of Pinky was soon to be written.

Pinky, who is the constant and cherished companion of her mistress, is perhaps as grotesque a personage as contemporary history affords. This, however, may not be an entirely unprejudiced opinion, as she has a rooted aversion to interviews and interviewers and shows her feelings in constant ejaculations of disapproval. These ejaculations are supplemented in odd minutes by hideous yelps and snarls.

Any one might easily hate Pinky, but no one could possibly ignore her. What she lacks in size she makes up in voice, and it is asserted that she is the one dog on record whose lineage appears in blue books.

whose bark is not any worse than her bite. Her's is an old age—she admits 12—which is not crowned by the memory of good deeds and worthy thoughts.

While tea, toast and orange marmalade are being served in a sunny corner of the Seville tea room, Mrs. Campbell describes how she has taken Pinky about the world.

"Usually I just stick her inside my coat, and with my head up walk proudly through a line of officials. Occasionally I hear one say:

"Fine looking woman, but do you know, I think she has grown a little larger since she was here last."

"Pinky lies low and says nothing, and it certainly is not for me to deny any such impeachment on the part of an official. But I am glad that bustles have come in. I intend to send Pinky back home in the maid's bundle. I was looking at some in the shops to-day and they'll do nicely."

It is while her long, supple fingers hover over the tea service that Mrs. Campbell begins the role of interviewer.

"Can you imagine anything worse than being interviewed?" she demands. "Aren't interviews perfectly awful? Now, honestly, tell the truth. Don't you hate them? It's a perfectly dreadful ordeal to go through, but I feel a lot sorrier for you than I do for myself—a lot sorrier. Is there any situation in life more unpleasant than interviewing a person who hates interviews, never gives one until she can't escape it, and then is on edge all the time it is being given?"

The interviewer answers quickly. "Sometimes they are not so bad when you get good tea and toast and orange marmalade."

"Of course," continued the interviewee, "you know I never read them. On, never. Would you? Not if you felt the way I do. Once in a while I take one up and begin it, but I never finish it—never! For instance, the last one I tried to read was sprinkled all the way through with 'Good gracious.' The interviewer would ask a question, and then I would answer 'Good gracious.'"

"I never said 'Good gracious' in my life. Wouldn't you be disgusted if you read such twaddle? Wouldn't it have been better if the writer had said 'By Jove'? I should have been more likely to have said 'By Jove' than 'Good gracious.' Can you imagine me sitting around and saying 'Good gracious' every other minute? Tell me—you know all about newspaper ways—why did, why did she make me say 'Good gracious'?"

The interviewer explained that according to the law of space rates the writer probably was credited with an extra line every time that G. G. appeared in print, and incidentally drew a touching picture of the homeless and friendless condition of the literary scribes.

"That's just what I thought," Mrs. Campbell was undoubtedly pleased at her perspicacity. "Now that is the reason I made up my mind to give you this interview. I knew it was your bread and butter and perhaps I had no right to refuse. Was I correct?"

The interviewer confessed that life would probably be breadless and butterless if the broken engagements, unanswered letters and misunderstood telephone messages had not finally culminated in the tea chat. Mrs. Campbell leaned forward in a coaxing attitude which would draw the hieroglyphics off an obelisk.

"Tell me how much you'll get for this,

If you don't I won't answer a single question, not one single question. I have made up my mind. Out with it. How much will you get?"

"What? Enough for two hats? And I came near refusing!"

She diagrammed on the table cloth. "So, if you got an interview every day in the week you'd have enough—"

The interviewee buttered her toast. "It has taken me four days to get this."

"Am I ashamed?" The interviewer



"I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE."

laughed derisively. "Ashamed? Not a bit. I think I've been awfully good to you. Such ingratitude. What do you expect better than toast and tea and orange marmalade?"

"Well? Go on! Why don't you talk? Why, you usually begin to fire off questions before the door is opened."

"Why don't you ask me what kind of exercise I take early in the morning and the sort of breakfast food I like, and if it's true that I have written a play, and what do I think of Sardou as a dramatist, and if I am interested in the problem play and if I like America, and whom I think the leading actor and actress in the United States? I'm ready. I shan't answer any of them, but I must be at least a whole day since I've been asked those dear old questions."

Then the interviewer burst into shrieks of laughter, which roared up the chromatic scale and then diminished to a dirge, and, like the orchestra wail in the death scene of "Tristan."

"Stella, she doesn't know what to ask

me! Isn't that the best joke you ever heard. She comes here to interview me, and she doesn't know what to say. Why don't you ask me if I like my rôle in 'La Sorcière'?"

The last interview I had was yesterday—twenty-four hours since I've been asked how I like the rôle in 'La Sorcière'."

The interviewee jiggled a piece of paper out of her shopping bag, but wisely said nothing.

"Stella, she's got a piece of paper there with questions on it. Isn't that too funny?" The interviewer puts out an inquisitive hand. "Give me that paper. Show me what's written on it. You won't? I shan't answer any questions. I shan't not answer, anyway, but now its twice over unless you let me see."

"She wants to know what I think of the National Theatre? Stella, did you hear? She wants to know what I think of a National Theatre. A National Theatre! Let me think. What do I think of a National Theatre? Is it safe to tell her? Shall I unburden my soul here and now, and tell her? Tell me what you think of it yourself, and then I'll tell you."

She fixed her eyes on space, clasped her hands, lowered her voice to a musical monotone and recited:

"I assume by the National Theatre you mean a subsidized theatre, and a subsidized theatre would mean, to my thinking, one in which the commercial or official spirit would rule over the purely artistic. It could not help but do that, as the directors would naturally be chosen outside of the artistic professions. It would be a loss of individualism, while it would undoubtedly place the theatre on a surer foundation financially. That is, I understand, the great fault that is found with the subsidized theatres in Germany and other continental countries. It is, however, an interesting experiment, and America is fond of trying experiments."

Then Mrs. Campbell looked proudly at the interviewee. "Could any one ask for anything better than that? Have some more toast?"

"Now what? My rôle in 'La Sorcière.' Do ask me that and get it over."

Goaded to the desired point, the question was asked.

"What do I think of my rôle in 'La Sorcière'? I am tired of tumbling and screaming. Look at that thumb! Do you see how I have dislocated it? My last fall. Naturally, any one would like a piece like that. They couldn't help it. More toast?"

Mrs. Campbell helped to toast generously, remembering, apparently, about the future condition of the interviewee in case the interview was denied.

"Why is New York always dug up? Somebody said that he thought it would be quite a pretty city if it was ever finished. Every time I come the streets are torn to pieces again."

"Oh, you can't get a thing out of me. I have been shopping and I couldn't talk to save my life. Yes, you are going to ask me if I like the shoes. I thought so. Well, I do and—yes, I know the question, too. I can always tell when that question is coming. This gown was made by a New York modiste, and some of my stage gowns are made by the same woman."

The conversation was interrupted for a second while a telegram from Bernhardt to her friend Mrs. Campbell was read. Then, resuming:

"Do I consider that the memoirs of a great actress are really valuable? I see what you mean. Of course it would be very hard to tell the truth about your contemporaries unless you could say something truthfully to their advantage. You would not care to be critical, and if you were not absolutely judicial in your attitude your work would be without value. Memoirs, while the writer is living, I should say, generally speaking, were a mistake, but in this case I cannot express an opinion. I make one rule in my interviews—I cannot discuss my friends, even impersonally. They are sacred to me."

In her reception room, later, the rôle of interviewer was given up and Mrs. Campbell spoke seriously. A question had been asked as to the advisability of two stars, man and woman, playing together and she said:

"I believe it is generally conceded that in a situation like that the woman attracts more attention than a man. Why it is I

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IN A CANNIBAL CAMP.

Banquet Prepared From the Victims of Savage Warfare.

Manchester correspondence Boston Journal. Returned to their old home after twenty years spent in educating the natives of dark Africa in the great benefits to be gained from Christianity. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Mead, who are visiting with Dr. Robbitt, tell strange tales of cannibals and struggles in savage Africa that drive fear into the hearts of the uninitiated.

Mr. Mead said: "In Malange, a part of Angola, Africa, we worked among the Kimbundu tribe, one of the most intelligent of the African races. About a hundred miles north of the main village of the Kimbundu is a large cannibal camp, at which one of the men in my party had an experience he does not care to repeat."

"The man had been sent with presents to the chief of the cannibal tribe. Now, if a cannibal chief does not accept a gift, it is time for the gift-giver to beware. Our man's gift of cloth was refused."

"On leaving the chief's hut our man noticed a number of human heads on poles, and came across a but pot in which was simmering a stew. To his horror, he found it contained human hands, shinsbones and other parts of the body."

"A little cannibal girl volunteered the cheerful information that the stew was made of victims of a war, and that unless our man took care he would flavor the stew for the morrow."

"At that our man thought out a plan. He went to the chief and told him that, seeing he was at war with a tribe, he would need powder, and that if the chief would allow him to go back to the village he would furnish his man with powder. The chief fell into the trap and allowed the man to escape."

"Our man got his comrades together and told them their lives depended upon reaching their homes as soon as possible. Needless to say they agreed, pursued by a band of cannibals, who soon gave up the chase. It is only during times of war that the cannibals eat human flesh. At other times they are like any other savage people."



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